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## Trees

Joyce Kilmer  
*Iowa State University*

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## A Visit from the Chief

By Pam Eggerss

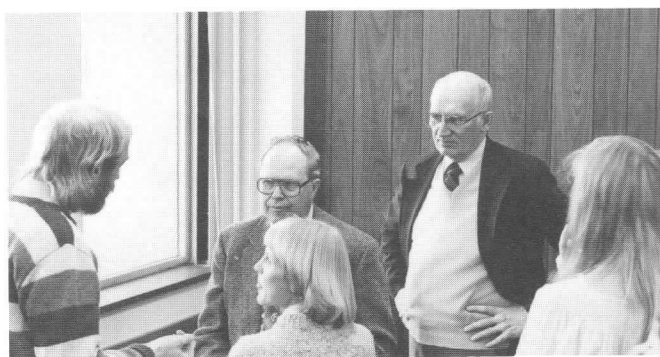
On February 25, 1983, our Forestry Department had the honor of having a visit from Max Peterson, Chief of the U.S. Forest Service. Chief Peterson spoke to society members and guests following a luncheon at Scheman Hall on the Iowa State campus. He spoke on the importance and application of computers to forestry in the future. This luncheon and speech preceded a computer workshop targeted to help resource managers understand computers and their application.

Earlier in the day, an openhouse was held so students could meet with Jim Brewer, forest supervisor on the Chippewa National Forest; Gene Hertel, State Forester; and Max Peterson. This gave forestry students a chance to visit with professionals involved in different areas of forestry. Students were able to ask questions and inquire about certain issues.

A lot of preparation went into this workshop and openhouse. A visit from the Chief is something that doesn't happen very often to a Forestry Department, so this will be remembered by many of us for some time to come.



Honorary Iowa State Foresters.



When Maure Sand talks - people listen.

## Trees

by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear,  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.



### The Great American Forest

by Rutherford Platt

"The American hardwood forest of history--the domain of woodland Indians, the forest which was so dangerous and unlivable in the eyes of the first English settlers and which we call primeval today--was in truth a luminous, youthful, supple forest, new-born out of the Ice Age. In the nobility and quality of its trees, bushes, vines, and flowers, in the purity of lakes and streams; in the abundance and color of its birds and fish and in the personalities of its animals, no other forest that ever grew on earth could be compared with it."